

## Birthday Boy by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

“Is the birthday boy still too tired?”

“Hmm, depends on what you’re talkin’ about.”

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

There is smut in the very beginning, but thats all.

Hopper blinked his eyes multiple times, just now waking up from a great nights sleep. Joyce had already been awake for awhile, Hop could tell because she was sitting upright in bed and reading a magazine.

“Good morning baby.” She put her magazine down on the nightstand, shifting her weight closer to Hopper.

“Yeah. ‘Mornin.” He groaned, turning over on his back, tilting his head to face Joyce.

“Is the birthday boy still too tired?” Joyce whispered, moving her head closer to his ear.

“Hmm, depends on what you’re talking about.” He mumbled with his eyes shut, still half asleep.

A jolt of energy rushed though his body when he Joyce’s hand slid over his underwear, clenching his member ever so slightly. She noticed his his legs jerk at the sudden force that was applied, and the shaky exhale that breathed out of his mouth. Hoppers eyes still didn’t open, but his mouth formed a tiny‘o’ shape as Joyce applied more and more pressure, pumping her hand across his bulge. In one swift motion Joyce straddled him, beginning to slowly gyrate her hips across his erection.

“Mmm, *shit*.” Jim’s eyes fell lazy again, he blinked furiously in attempt to keep them open. Joyce pushed her hips down harder.

“Shit, oh my...*Jesus*” Hopper muttered through his gritted teeth. Joyce pulled his underwear down, then hers. She slid herself over him.

“Happy Birthday, Hopper.”

“Mmph.... Fuck.” He grunted, “Keep going...” Hop smacked her ass, now moving his hips upwards as she moved hers down.*Knock Knock Knock*

The door knob twisted. Joyce scurried under the blankets and covered her and Hop.

“Yes Will?” Her voice was grainy, she cleared her throat.

“Breakfast is ready for Dad-- I mean, Uh, Hopper.” Will’s face carried an embarrassed expression, but slammed the door before the Chief could correct him. His foot steps ran from the bedroom and into the kitchen.

“That was close.” He kissed her cheek.

“He called you ‘Dad’ Hop.” A proud smile took over Joyce’s face.

Hopper couldn't help himself but to smile, "He did, didn't he?"

"Baby, I need to finish, if not i'm gonna get--"

"Yes I know. I know." She climbed back on top of Hopper and let him finish.

"Thanks for the birthday present, honey."

"Not just exclusive to birthdays, though." She flashed a wink and crawled out of bed.

Jim put on his pyjamas and walked out of the room. Shortly after Joyce followed. He was greeted by El and Will sitting at the kitchen table.

"Happy Birthday!" Both of them said in unison, running over to hug him.

"Yeah, definitely is a Happy Birthday." He hugged them back, looking over at Joyce and winked.

"We made you breakfast!" El's face lit up.

"Yeah, I heard. Will came in and told me." Hops eyebrows swivelled then fell back into place.

“Will!” She exclaimed, hitting his shoulder. Will whispered something into El’s ear, then grabbed a candle and lighter.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa... Watch it with that.” Hoppers Dad instincts kicked in, but Joyce tapped Jim on the shoulder and scoffed.

El began to sing happy birthday, then Will and Joyce joined in. El placed down a plate with 3 eggos stacked on top of each other. In between each waffle there was a hefty amount of cool whip, sprinkles, chocolate chips. A single candle was stuck inside of the eggo that was laying on top.

“Mmm thank you El and Will.” He said after Will gave him a butter knife and fork. Joyce ran over to the coffee maker to make his morning brew. When it was complete she placed the cup down in front of him and placed a kiss on his cheek.

“I love you, babe.” Hopper mumbled while stuffing another bite in his mouth.

“Love you too, baby.” Joyce ran her hands through his hair. even though there was still cool whip left over from the eggos she pressed her lips against his for a good 5 seconds or so.. Will crinkled his face up made a fake gagging sound.

“Did you two kids make anything for yourself.” The kids shook their heads. Joyce sighed and began to quickly make scrambled eggs for Will and El.

Later on, Jim, Joyce, El and Will went out for dinner at Hoppers favourite restaurant. He took them out for ice cream, then dropped El and Will off at Dustin's house for an outdoors camping sleepover. Jim and Joyce drove back home.

They both shared a cigarette. Joyce was in the embrace of Jim's arms, tucked underneath the blankets on the couch as they watched a movie. Jim would squeeze her tighter as a scene got more intense, he'd apologize afterwards with a delicate kiss on her cheek. The feeling of his scruffy beard against her face never got old. The night was oddly chilly for August. She leaned in closer to him and nuzzled her head by his shoulders and neck, feeling his stomach move as he let out a small chuckle and placed his arm around her finally. She slid her cold feet underneath his legs.

"Oh shit, your feet are freezin." He wrapped the blankets around her feet. "That better honey?" His eyes carried a concerned expression.

"Yeah, really, Hop. I'm ok. Calm down, baby." Her feet were still cold, she just wanted Jim to stop worrying and continue cuddling her.

"No. I can tell you're not." He stood up and jogged over to the kitchen. She heard a few buttons click and Jim's footsteps trail down the hallway and come back to where she was sitting.

He put the fuzzy socks over her feet and sprung back up with no words. The sound of ceramic clunking around and a tiny "*shit*" came from the next room. Hopper shuffled his way back to where Joyce was and handed her a cup of tea.

“That’ll warm you up real nice baby.” His mouth curled into the classic Hopper smile. Joyce couldn’t help but blush.

“Thanks, Hop.” She kissed his bearded cheek and cuddled her head back into his neck. Her fuzzy socks rubbed vigorously against his legs.

“You’re gonna give me carpet burn or something, Jesus.” A sarcastic smile crossed his face. He put his arm around her and gently pulled her closer. Joyce couldn’t help but giggle as she took another sip of the disgustingly sweet tea that Hop had made for her.

“Serves ya right for the amount of times your beard left a rash on my face.” She giggled, scratching at his facial hair for a brief second then clasp the mug with both hands again.

“Hmph, you hate it that much.” He rubbed his face, a smirk began to form on his lips.

“No, no no. I *love* it.” She held his chin and kissed his beard specifically. The beard was something new, considering in high school Jim kept his face from showing any signs of stubble.

“Oh I see, it’s just for the beard, huh?” Hop teased, biting his tongue at the left side of his mouth while grinning.

“You’re a pain in the ass, Hopper.” She gently tapped his shoulder, mimicking a slap. Hop raised his eyebrows as high as they went.

“Hmmm, *really...*” Jim nodded sarcastically, hugging into her and placing his head on hers.

“*Really.*” Both of them chuckled in unison, unable to wipe the smile off their faces.

“Joyce, i’ve been thinking, a lot.” Hop started, breaking the silence.

“Me too, that's how brains work Hop.” She giggled at her own comment, making Jim’s serious expression turn into a sly smirk.

“Ok then smart ass.” Her an his fingers through her auburn locks.  
“But seriously.”

“What, baby.” He felt her muscles tense. Her brown eyes connected with his baby blues.

“I wanna spend the rest of my life with you.”



## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter, imagining what Joyce and Hopper were like in high school. I hope you enjoy reading!

The hair on his neck shot up as he finished his sentence, desperately scrambling to take the words back.

“Hopper? You’re not kidding? Are you?” Joyce questioned, furrowing her brows and pursing her lips after the conclusion of her sentence.

It felt as if his heart had sunk down into his stomach, an overwhelming pit of anxiety and nausea filled his abdomen. Hopper slumped into the couch. “No. I’m not.” He sloppily mumbled, not focusing on pronouncing words properly. A pout drooping over his lips, he felt Joyce snuggle in closer to him, burrowing her head into his chest.

“*Hey...don’t do that to me.*” She whimpered, tears staining his flannel as she grasped hold of his shirt, suddenly feeling guilty about her blunt response to his heartfelt confession. “I’m sorry...”

She could sense anger throbbing in his blood from the way he clenched his fist by his lap and the way his neck tightened. “Sorry about what, Joyce! I tell you how I feel and you completely *shit* all over my emotion—.”

Joyce lift her head from his chest, shoving her lips into his, shutting

him up instantly. His eyes widened from the sudden kiss. "I'm sorry, Hop." She murmured, moving her head away from his lips and tucking her head back into a comfortable position. "I want to be with you too Hopper... I'm sorry for hurting you... I could tell from the way your face—"

Hopper cut her off by placing a hand on the back of her head, leaning his face in towards hers and reconnecting the kiss. He added passion and tenderness to the kiss that had not been there previously, slowly folding his lips around her lips, being sure to not deepen the kiss. Tugging her bottom lip with his teeth as he pulled away, gazing into her puppy-dog eyes he noticed a tear beginning to form.

"Hey, whats wrong. Did I do something?" Hop sympathized, his eyes wandering hers in attempt to find a reason for why she was tearing up all of a sudden. "*Please god tell me I didn't do something.*" He muttered into the palm of his hand.

"No, *no*. It's stupid... really." She tried to convince him.

"Joyce, whatever it is, it's not stupid." Hopper whispered.

"It's just... the last person to say anything like that to me was..." Her voice quieted into a squeak.

"Bob?"

She held a thoughtful expression, then shook her head.

“Lonnie?”

She shook her head agin, this time with an expression that read ‘Yea right.’

“Who was it then.” He asked, tone deepening. He felt another tear dribble onto his flannel.

“You. In high school.” She wiped her eyes, laughing at how naive she was as a teen to believe that Jim Hopper would want to stay with her when there were girls (*that were way more attractive* she thought) constantly trying to get in his pants.

“Don’t start playin’ the blame game now. I was young and had no idea what I was doin’. I’m a lot better at a lot of things now.” Hopper proclaimed.

“Mhm, like crushing a six pack of beer in a night. Or, undoing a bra with one hand.” Joyce suggested, reaching her hand up to his head, playing with his hair.

“That’s not what I meant, Joyce.” His brows furrowed.

“Oh! You meant you’re a lot better at sex, didn’t you? Well that one I have to agree on. Although back then, your beard didn’t hurt my thighs as much when you went down on me.”

“Oh great! We’re back on the subject of my beard now?” He interjected at the mention of his facial hair.

“No, Jesus, Hopper!” She snorted, laughing into the palm of her hand.

“What I *meant* was, I’m a lot better at keeping relationships, Joyce.”

“You wouldn’t *dare* say that a year ago when you had a new lady in bed with you every night.”

“Well I mean...”

“Well I mean...” She mocked him, “Hopper, In high school we dated for two years! Two years without a break! Three including it!”

His mouth straightened into a line, “I... I know... And I feel bad for... taking your virginity. Lonnie should’ve done that... when you two were happy together, I mean.” He stared down to his feet, guilt consuming him.

“Hopper.” She held onto his chin and directed his face to meet hers, “Hopper. Don’t feel bad. Looking back on it, I’m glad it was you. Really, really glad.” Her reassuring smile made him feel better.

“Was I good?” His cocky smirk crept up the side of his face.

Joyce reluctantly slapped his arm, “It was hard to enjoy anything with you flopping around on top of me in the back of your Dads car.”

“You were good.” He spoke as if it had happened twenty minutes ago.

“Am I not as good now?” Joyce pretended to be offended, pushing herself away from his embrace.

He snickered, “Hmm, no... Lonnie didn’t do much to you—“

“Hopper!” She interrupted in shock.

“Joyce!” Hopper mimicked, “It’s the truth, you still feel really good baby.” He paused, “Really godamn good.” His tone suddenly gravelly, without warning.

Joyce rolled her eyes and rest her head back onto his chest. “Mhm, and you actually know the female anatomy now. Maybe if we didn’t skip sex ed to make out behind the bleachers that one time you woulda known more back then.”

“Maybe if you kept your moanin’ to a minimum I wouldn’t’ve had 2 weeks worth of dentition.” He giggled at the memory, thinking she wouldn’t remember the exact details.

“And maybe if you pulled up your pants faster you might not’ve tripped and got caught.” She laughed, “Lucky you weren’t charged with indecent exposure.”

“Well maybe if you didn’t start jackin’ me off I wouldn’t’ve had to pull up my pants.” Hopper scoffed, still holding a smile.

“Don’t act like you didn’t love it.” She said teasingly.

“Mhm yeah I loved it. Loved it so much that I had a hard on while Mr. Allen was lecturing me on how education was more important than sex.” Hopper snickered while pulling out a cigarette from his pocket and lighting it, sucking in a long drag. “To this day I still disagree.”

“Yeah of course you disagree. Mr. Jim Hopper. Ya know you used to be so intimidating.” Joyce admitted sarcastically.

“And I’m not anymore?” His voice squeaked on the last word.

“The beard makes you look friendly.” Joyce giggled, purposely brining up his beard again.

“My beard again! Jesus Christ! I should shave if its gonna be such a big problem!” All of a sudden Hopper sounded offended, but still hid a smirk in the corner of his mouth.

“Uh-uh, no way. Your beard is way sexier than a clean shaven Jim.”

“Really?” The smirk now showed itself fully, his eyebrows raised and eyes widened, cheeks obviously showing more pink than before.

“Oh *yeah*, really.” She murmured into his neck, letting his beard tickle against her cheeks.